

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 23.

Boston, June, 1890.

No. 1.



"BLACK BEAUTY."

SIXTY THOUSAND PRINTED IN THE FIRST SIXTY DAYS!

BLACK BEAUTY.

THE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE.

103,000 Copies sold in London.

At last accounts 103,000 copies of "Black Beauty" had been sold in London, England.

In the first sixty days we have printed 60,000 copies here.

It is a book of 260 beautifully printed pages.

The price at our offices is 12 cents per copy.

When sent by mail, 20 cents per copy.

At all bookstores and news-stands, 25 cents per copy.

Address Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

What the Press say about it.

We are receiving every day kind notices of "Black Beauty" from leading papers in all parts of the country.

If they keep coming at the same rate we shall announce in July "Our Dumb Animals" that more than a thousand American papers have spoken in its praise.

The following were some of the first received:—

(From "The New York Evening Post," April 28th.)

"We are glad to reprint the *Springfield Republican's* announcement that the *American Humane Education Society* of Boston has republished from the English edition, under the title, '*The Uncle Tom's Cabin of the Horse*,' a cheap edition of Miss Anna Sewell's delightful book, familiar to some lovers of horses in this country as 'Black Beauty.' We cannot think of any other work on the horse a wide diffusion of which would be so useful, since Miss Sewell's book, besides its good sense, right feeling, and sound doctrine as to the proper treatment of horses, possesses the one indispensable quality of readableness. It will delight refined persons, and the simple can understand it. We hope that somebody in New York may be found to follow the example of Mrs. William Appleton, of Boston, who has put 1,600 copies of this book into the hands of Boston drivers," etc., etc.

(From the "Boston Herald.")

"Mr. Geo. T. Angell, president of "The American Humane Education Society" and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has his heart's desire.

For more than twenty years the wish of his heart has been that somebody might write a book which should be as widely read as "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and which should have as wide-spread and powerful influence in abolishing cruelty to horses as "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" had upon the abolition of human slavery. Many times by word and letter he has called the attention of American writers to this matter and asked them to undertake the work.

The book has at last been written by an English-woman, Anna Sewall by name. Its title is "*Black Beauty, His Grooms and Companions*," and it is the autobiography of an English horse.

The book contains two hundred and sixty pages, and over 100,000 copies have been already sold in England.

Through the gifts of friends of "*The American Humane Education Society*," Mr. Angell has been able to have the book electrotyped, and to print to be sold at the marvellously low price of twelve cents a copy, though to people sending by mail for them eight cents additional for postage must be charged.

Mr. Angell wishes to give away thousands of copies of this book. He would like to put it into every home, every workshop, and every school in this country, and he would like to make a free gift of it to every man and boy in the universe. Through the kindness and generosity of Mrs. William Appleton, he is authorized to present a copy to sixteen hundred Boston drivers, who may call for the book at the offices of the society, No. 19 Milk Street.

"A book of deep and almost thrilling interest."—*Boston Times*.

"The influence of this book will be strong among the millions on this side the ocean as well as on the other, where, at last accounts, 103,000 copies had been sold in London."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

"The story is told with all the fascination of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."—*Salem (Mass.) Register*.

"One of the most interesting and instructive books ever published."—*Plymouth (Mass.) Sentinel*.

"Mr. Angell thinks '*Black Beauty*' will do for dumb animals what '*Uncle Tom's Cabin*' did for the slave. We agree with him."—*Christian Witness*.

"Many a boy will spend a spare hour in the hay loft reading this story, and will learn courage, patience, and good-will from the brave, kind creature—a book which it is an honor to have written and a pleasure to read."—*Portland Daily Press*.

"A book to be enjoyed by old and young."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

We might add to the above many pages of similar notices. "*The Springfield Republican*" gives it an entire column.

BLACK BEAUTY.

I have sent a copy of "*Black Beauty*" to every member of our Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives and to each master of the Boston public schools, also to the superintendent and supervisors. It is already adopted as supplementary reading in several public schools.

I am now sending copies to editors of newspapers and magazines in the United States and Territories.

I intend if I get the means to invest not less than a hundred thousand dollars in printing this book.

I want every man, woman, and child in this country to read it, and would suggest that no rich man or woman who loves a horse can possibly do a greater kindness to these faithful dumb servants, companions, and friends of ours than to follow the example of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, of Boston, by ordering a sufficient number, at a cost of twelve cents each, to give one to every driver and teamster in their respective cities and towns.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BLACK BEAUTY.

HOW THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS CAN DO GOOD AND MAKE MONEY.

Our little niece the other day bought ten copies at 12 cents each and sold them in a little over an hour for 25 cents each, making a profit of \$1.30.

As the freight on a thousand copies to cities a thousand miles away is only about half a cent a copy, thousands of children or adults in those cities and towns can make 12 and a half cents on each copy they sell.

Though we necessarily require payment in advance, we are glad to take back all returned to us in good condition and refund the money. We intend to circulate not less than a million copies in this country, and shall be glad to have all persons who can afford it send us checks to aid in its gratuitous circulation throughout the country. All such checks will be acknowledged in "*Our Dumb Animals*," passed at once into the treasury of the "*American Humane Education Society*," and be promptly used for the purpose for which they are sent. Send orders and checks to

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President [of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy], 19 Milk Street, Boston.

CAPTAIN JOHN CODMAN ON "BLACK BEAUTY."

Captain John Codman gives a column and a half in the "*New York Commercial Advertiser*" of May 13, to one of the best descriptions of "*Black Beauty*" we have yet seen.

He says: "I sat down to read it last night and did not move from my chair until it was finished."

We wish we had space for the whole article, but can only give its closing words:—

"As I sit by my window opposite Grace church (New York) on a Sunday noon, I see a long row of carriages drawn up before its sacred walls. Fashion, wealth, and beauty are within the church calling themselves miserable sinners, as indeed they are. Outside are some of the evidences of their sinfulness. There sit their coachmen, looking down from their boxes on the lacerated stumps at one end of their horses while the other end of them is jerked up into the air. Not even while their masters are at prayer can they be relieved from this torture. Every now and then the coachmen touch them up with the whip and yank upon the reins to keep up their 'style' and to make them champ their bits and foam at the mouth."

I crossed over there the other Sunday and interviewed some of those horses. In every one of them there was a pained expression of the eye and often a nervous twitching of the upper lip. Their faces betokened unspeakable agony. Alas, that it was unspeakable! It would have been useless to have asked for mercy from the coachmen. I doubt not some of them were kind-hearted men, and like York, the groom of whom "*Black Beauty*" told me last night, they did this sort of thing reluctantly, but in obedience to orders.

The poor beasts seemed to discern pity in my face, and every feature of their own had a tongue that said, "For God's sake,—yes, for God's sake, for we are His creatures,—go into that church and tell the preacher to cut short his 'lessons for the day,' and to send his congregation out here to take an object lesson from us!" I wish that Dr. Huntington would take "*Black Beauty*" into his pulpit and let him preach to his people. The text? He may find it in the book of the prophet Joel, i: 18, "How do the beasts groan!"

I have no space to chronicle all that "*Black Beauty*" said to me of his varied experiences in life of high and low degree. After he had told all of his pathetic story, I turned into my bed in the small hours of the night, and when I was asleep he stood there still. Then the scene changed to that "large pleasant meadow"

where the story began. Black Beauty and his mother were there. So was Sir Oliver, little Merrylegs, and all the rest of them. Even poor Ginger, over whose tragic death I had shed a tear, was her old self again. I have always believed in the immortality of animals. Agassiz believed in it, so did Cuvier, so did Luther and many other great men who were not ashamed to confess it. It was not strange that in my dream I saw these friends, whose acquaintance I had so pleasantly made, changing their shape and floating in the air, where they were joined by the "chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." And last in the aerial cavalcade came the Grace church martyrs, more pleased that their tails had grown out and that they were enjoying a free rein than that they, like Pegasus, had been given wings. They were dragging their carriages over the clouds—but the carriages were empty. Yes, there must be a place for good horses and a place for bad men.—*J. C.*

[These are eloquent words of Capt. Codman. In behalf of all Boston horses we thank him for them. May they reach the hearts of those for whom they were written, and help "*Black Beauty*" do for the horses of America what "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" did for the slave.

GEO. T. ANGELL.]

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HER FIRST EDITORIAL.

THE EDITOR WAS NOT FRIGHTENED.

In the office of a prominent daily newspaper in the State of Maine, nearly two decades ago, there reigned an editor who stood more than six feet high without his boots and was not lacking in the relative chest girth. The book reviewer of the same journal was a very young lady who would have required a five pound box of bonbons to tip the scale at 100. The editor, an especial friend of her family, had amused himself and her by teaching her the duties of a newspaper writer, and she accepted the task with ardent caprice; childish, but sincere.

The editor was sent as delegate to Chicago at the time of a Presidential nomination; and during his absence there appeared in the paper a notice that a pigeon shoot, with live birds, was soon to take place. Reading it, the young girl was wild with grief and anger, and hot tears fell fast on her manuscript of an editorial paragraph which was printed in the next morning's paper.

"If there is any so-called sport meaner, more cruel, or more cowardly than a 'pigeon shoot,' the Press does not wish to know about it. A crowd of men with guns ready to aim at a bewildered, frightened pigeon, let out of a bag in which it has been brought to be shot at—is this sportsman-like, manly, or anything but cruel and silly? A bull-fight is a brutal affair, but it is a contest between skill and strength; a fox hunt is foolish enough, but it includes adventurous riding, and the fox has a fair start and a hole to save himself in. But what chance for his life has the bird at a pigeon shoot? None—except the absolute clumsiness of the sportsman. And a fine victory it is for a man to shoot a dozen of these timid, harmless birds, leaving them maimed and dying on the ground while the marksman receives the congratulations of the crowd," etc., etc.

A day or two later, the editor, having returned, saw a man enter, evidently nerved for fight.

"I want to see the man that wrote this," he stated, tapping the editorial upon pigeon shoots with his finger.

"The writer is not in the office at the moment," said the editor, "but I am manager of this paper and solely responsible for it. What have you to say?"

"Do I understand that your paper means to put a stop to pigeon shoots?"

"Yes, sir, and every other form of diabolical brutality that we can get at."

There was an odd bulge under the visitor's coat. It might have been a hymn book or it might have been a coil of cowhide. He fumbled with it. Meanwhile the editor stood up to his full height.

The man looked at him a moment and then said,—"I—I wanted to—to renew my subscription to your paper, sir."

It only remains to add that clay birds are now exclusively used in Maine.

This is one of the comical stories of the "*Press*" office.

E. CAVAZZA.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over seven thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over five hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "*Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,

Costing at our Offices, or sent post-paid for, Thirty Cents.



SHEP LINDSAY (2½ YEARS OLD).
A BEAUTIFUL DOG BELONGING TO HUGH LINDSAY, PROPRIETOR
"LOCAL NEWS," HUNTINGTON, PA.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

The following, written by a Boston lady who occupies a high position in American literature, will be read with great interest:—

BOSTON, 20th May, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Dog stories always give me pleasure, because I like to see the intelligence of my friends asserted, and so I venture to send you for publication in your paper a story of my mastiff dog, Eric.

He is a big, yellow creature, with a black nose, a good, honest, brown eye, and the friendliest face in the world. He is young, and one does not expect an old head on young shoulders, so sometimes he dances about or tries to carry off one's umbrella, after the manner of puppies.

He has even the foolishness of youth in the matter of extravagance, and has been going during the winter, without my knowledge, to a confectionery store near my house, eating cakes, and running up quite a little bill. But as he has not had to pay the bill, he has been able to enjoy the cakes.

But the story that I want to tell you of him is a more serious one than this. It seems that during the past year Eric has made friends with a kind Norwegian man, who has lived in the neighborhood. It has been the habit of the dog to meet this old man and walk along with him, to be rewarded, perhaps, by a pleasant word or a pat on the head. On Saturday last a friend of this man and of my own came in to see me, and said to me, "Did you know that Mr. Bernsten is very ill, that he is dying? He cannot live through the day." Eric was lying at my feet watching us with his bright, intelligent eyes, and we talked of Mr. Bernsten for some little time,—his kindness and goodness, and his dignity in facing death that was so surely coming. A little later Eric left us and I did not see him again until late in the evening.

This is what occurred in the meantime. Eric went out upon the street and followed some people, who, it seems, were lodgers in the same house in which Mr. Bernsten lived. When they reached the door of this house, Eric quietly entered with them, without any hindrance or any guidance from them. He walked up one flight of stairs and then another flight of stairs, until he came to a closed door. Here he stopped and softly scratched. Within that room was the dying man, with his children near him. When they heard this soft noise outside the door, some one rose and opened it, and there stood Eric. He entered, went over to the bedside and licked Mr. Bernsten's hand gently. The dying man patted him feebly on the head, and then Eric turned and left the room and went downstairs again.

Who shall say how much he understood of the conversation about his friend, or what strange instinct led him to the door of that dying chamber?

Sometime, perhaps, I shall bring him into the office of one whom I am sure he must consider his friend, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Very sincerely yours,

MARGARET DELAND.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

BY THE RECTOR OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DOVER, N. H.

DOVER, May 9, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL: Your balky horse story in "Our Dumb Animals" reminds me of a Dover incident. There was a very balky horse in town which nobody could drive. A kind gentleman undertook to drive him through the White Mountains. His owner laughed, and said, "You cannot drive out of town, much less through the mountains." He said quietly, "I think I will manage him," and he did, in this way. He filled the carriage box with books, and when the horse balked he quietly flung the reins on the hook, took out a book and began to read, and waited patiently until the horse saw fit to start. *This he did two or three times, and the horse was cured.*

I believe dogs understand human language. I had an English setter who was down town once with my mother, who was shopping and had a good many bundles. A shopkeeper said to her, "My carriage is at the door, and I will carry you home." When they went to get in my dog was there comfortably seated in the carriage. It was the first and the only time this shopkeeper ever carried my mother home. *How did the dog know, unless he understood what was said?*

I. W. BEARD.

A DISCRIMINATING DOG.

A red-nosed man was making his way up Alabama Street, Atlanta, heading for a bar-room, with a thin, yellow dog affectionately following after him.

"Look at that dog," said Bailiff Nig Simpson. "That's a smart dog."

"Why?" was the natural question, there being nothing in the dog's appearance to indicate as much.

"Just watch, now. The dog follows that fellow into stores and houses, upstairs and down, through all sorts of weather, just like he's following him now. If that fellow ever gets drunk and falls off the bridge, the dog will fall off too. If the fellow ever gets run over by a train, the dog will too. But he won't go into that bar-room. He knows a bar-room as well as I do, and you can't force him into one. He'll stay outside and wait, and you can nearly always locate that fellow by standing at the corner of Alabama and Prior and looking both ways till you see that dog in front of a bar-room, waiting. Now watch him."

The red-nosed man went on into the bar-room. The dog looked up sorrowfully at the windows, just as if he were reading the sign, and then settled himself disconsolately upon his haunches at the edge of the sidewalk. He gazed at the door in gloomy, mournful expectancy, never once taking his eyes away. He waited for fully ten minutes, and then when the man came out the dog resumed his place following at his heels.—*Savannah News.*

RHODE ISLAND.

Mrs. John Huling, Mrs. Della Mannel, aged twenty-one, and Miss Mamie Huling, aged sixteen, were rowing in a canvas boat on Davieville Pond, near Providence, Friday afternoon, when the craft suddenly filled. Mrs. Mannel and Miss Huling were drowned, but Mrs. Huling escaped by clinging to her dog, which swam with her to the shore.—*Boston Transcript*, May 24.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1890.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

We are glad to report this month *one hundred and twenty-seven new branches* of our "*Parent Band of Mercy*," making a total of *seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-six*.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel*, can send us seventeen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "*Our Dumb Animals*" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "*Our Dumb Animals*" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

With the aid of our *American Humane Education Society*, we send this paper to all the editors of *America, north of Mexico*.

VIVISECTION: \$500.

Prizes offered by "*The American Humane Education Society*."

Vivisection, or the trying of surgical, medical, and other experiments upon living animals, is a subject which during the past few years has attracted *great attention in Europe and some in America*, though to a vast majority of our people its meaning is almost or entirely unknown.

By some it is claimed to be absolutely indispensable to progress in surgical and medical science, and to be justified and demanded in the interests of humanity both towards animals and men.

By others it is claimed to be unnecessary, cruel, and brutal to the last degree.

For the purpose of obtaining light on this important subject, *which shall lead to reasonable, practical, and humane action*, I do, in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," hereby offer *two prizes*, of *two hundred and fifty dollars each*, for best essays on this question?

Namely: *In the interests of humanity should vivisection be permitted, and if so, under what restrictions and limitations?*

One prize of \$250 for the best essay advocating it, the other of \$250 for the best essay opposing it.

The Professors of Harvard University Medical School, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the *first*; and the Philadelphia Anti-Vivisection Society, or a Committee approved by them, to decide on the merits of the *second*.

The writers of both essays, if deemed by the respective Committees worthy of publication, will receive \$250 each; or, if only one is deemed by its Committee to be

worthy of publication, the writer of that will receive \$250.

The prize essays, or prize essay if only one is deemed worthy of publication, to be the property of "*The American Humane Education Society*."

For the purpose of insuring their extensive publication, no essay must exceed *eight thousand words*, and the character of the Committees will be such as to render it probable that essays *which contain the most condensed information and thought* will be most likely to win the prizes.

Each essay must be signed with a fictitious name, and contain in an accompanying *sealed envelope* the real name and post-office address of the writer, which envelope will not be opened until the Committees have made their awards.

All unsuccessful essays will be returned to writers on receipt of postage stamps and request for their return.

All essays must be received by me on or before January 1st, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University.

Our attention has been called to recent correspondence between *Frances Power Cobbe* and *President Eliot*, in regard to vivisection.

In the letter of President Eliot we find these words: "*For purposes of demonstration it is very rarely justifiable.*"

We commend these words to all teachers.

A Pennsylvania lady tells us of vivisection of cats in a *Pennsylvania normal school*, *simply for demonstration*, and that *one pupil fainted, etc.*

It is no excuse to say there is more cruelty in the Pennsylvania slaughter-houses in one day than in all the vivisection practised in the State during the entire year.

It is inflicting unnecessary suffering on a dumb creature.

It is hardening the hearts of the future teachers of the youth of the State. It is in direct conflict with the principles of our "*Bands of Mercy*," and the humane education which our American Humane Education Society is seeking to carry over the whole country.

If any such case in Massachusetts comes to our knowledge we shall prosecute to the extent of the law, and publish the conviction for the humane people of the State and country to read.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't forget your Cats.

In going out of the cities for the summer, don't forget your cats. We have published this in all Boston daily papers.

"Black Beauty."

Be sure you are right.

Papers in various parts of the country that have published that we sell "*Black Beauty*" for *twelve cents*, have omitted to say that when sent by *mail eight cents* more must be forwarded to cover postage, etc. Our friends who order sent by *mail*, will please save us trouble and themselves delay and extra expense by *always sending the eight cents for postage*. Every book sent by *mail* requires a remittance in money, *postage stamps, or otherwise of twenty cents*. And the business is now so large that we must require *payment in advance*; we cannot afford to hire a book-keeper to open a *thousand twelve or twenty cent accounts*, send bills, etc.

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

THE BOSTON HORSE SHOW.

This show was under the management of some of the wealthiest men in Boston.

On Saturday evening, April 26th, the largest audience of the week, in full dress, was seated in our great "*Mechanics' Hall*," to witness the high jumping of famous horses, and particularly a proposed jump of the horse "*Ontario*" over a seven-foot bar, for a prize of *five hundred dollars* (and very likely a good deal of money was staked on bets).

"*Ontario*," after various attempts, had failed on the previous Thursday evening.

Our officers were sent to the exhibition on Saturday night, and after he had failed several times they requested that he should be urged no longer. The rest of the story is told in the following from the *Boston Journal* of April 29th:—

"HORSE SHOW OFFICIALS MAD."

The *Boston Herald* under the above startling caption represents one of the gentlemen interested in the horse show as saying:—

"It was outrageous to stop the jumping of the horse *Ontario*, as he was fresh, uninjured, and ready to go on. I consider that officers of Cruelty to Animals who were present were indiscreet and impolite in their action."

The opinion of this young gentleman will not be indorsed by a large majority of those who attended the very successful horse show. The agents of the Society were every way justified in stopping the attempt to force Ontario to make a jump which it was very apparent he could not make.

The fear was expressed that he would get hung up as he had been the previous night, and the show might have terminated in an accident which all would have regretted.

When the announcement was made that the agents of the Society protested, there was some slight hissing, *but the applause was prompt and hearty*. Wherein the officers were indiscreet or impolite did not appear to the general public. *They did their duty, the noble horse did his best, and it would have been cruel to have forced him to attempt a higher leap that night.*

Boston Journal, April 29, 1890.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

(New York Evening Post.)

We are overwhelmed with letters in praise of "*Black Beauty*," but are most glad to receive one from Mr. J. E. Learned, managing editor of "*The New York Evening Post*," enclosing a check, and ordering *thirty copies*, to be presented by him to the *mounted squad of the 31st New York Police Precinct*.

Since writing the above Mr. Learned writes us that he found "*that Miss Anna C. Brackett, of the famous West 39th Street New York school, had already given copies to the mounted squad*," so he gives his elsewhere.

We are under great obligations to Miss Brackett for humane work in New York.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF
"BLACK BEAUTY."

Among those who are following the example of Mrs. Wm. Appleton in a large gratuitous distribution of "*Black Beauty*," may be named *Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, Miss G. Kendall, Miss Anna C. Brackett, Mr. H. L. Ensign, and Mr. J. E. Learned* (editor New York Evening Post), in New York city; *Miss S. J. Eddy*, Providence; *Rev. Mr. James H. Dennis*, of Rochester, New York; *Mrs. Anna E. Brown*, Quincy, Ill., etc., etc.

Black Beauty Attacked.

We have received from a leading Boston paper a long attack on "Black Beauty."

The attack is that our *American Humane Education Society* sells this beautifully printed book of 260 pages for one quarter of the price it ought to bring, and that the English authoress gets nothing.

We answer:

(1) The authoress died unmarried shortly after the publication of the book.

(2) Her mother, a widow, died soon after.

(3) So far as we are aware, no one but the English publisher gets a sixpence from it.

(4) He has already sold 103,000 copies in England.

(5) He will receive thousands of dollars from its increased sale in Great Britain, Upper and Lower Canada, and other British provinces, which he would not have received but for its immense advertisement and sale in this country.

(6) As there is no American copyright on this book, we must undersell every other publisher, or be undersold and driven out of the market, and, in place of what we publish concerning the objects and importance of our "*Humane Education Society*," would appear only the business advertisements of the publisher.

We have established here, on this American continent, "*The American Humane Education Society*"—the first Society of its kind in the world.

No society in the world has been organized with greater care or more safeguards against the foolish expenditure of money.

It has been authorized by the Legislature of Massachusetts to hold half a million dollars free from taxation.

It wants to send its missionaries into every State and Territory.

It wants to form powerful "*Humane Societies*" in every State and Territory.

It wants to form half a million of its "*Bands of Mercy*" in American schools and Sunday schools, and supply them gratuitously or at bare cost with the choicest humane literature.

To do this it must attract the attention and approval of the American people.

To do this it wants to flood this whole country (1st) with "*Black Beauty*," and (2nd) with other publications of a similar kind.

To do this it must undersell—even at a loss of thousands of dollars—all other publishers, who would simply advertise their personal business.

Cruelty in transportation of animals on the land, by which hundreds of thousands die annually.

Cruelty in transportation of animals on the ocean.

Cruelty in slaughter-houses, where millions die annually with great and unnecessary suffering.

Cruelty on the plains, where hundreds of thousands die in winter, and sometimes in summer, of slow starvation.

A thousand forms of cruelty to the horse—both in peace and war,—and to other domestic animals.

Cruelty in the seal fisheries.

Cruelty to harmless and other wild animals.

Cruelty in the killing of hundreds of thousands of useful and harmless birds—many of them mother birds with their nests full of young.

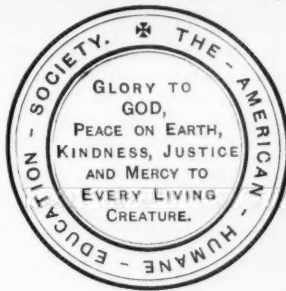
Cruelty of unnecessary vivisection.

All these are but fractions of a great whole, which can be effectively reached by no law or power [short of the Almighty] except by the power of humane education.

Upon the success of "*The American Humane Education Society*," and similar societies which may follow it, is to depend, not only the protection of the lower races, but the elevation of the higher,—the substitution of ballots for bullets—the prevention of crimes of violence—the dawning of the Millennium.

Under Divine Providence, the sending of this book, "*Black Beauty*," into every American home may be—as was the publication of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"—an important step in the progress, not only of American, but the World's, humanity and civilization.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



GEO. T. ANGELL, President.
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON,
Treasurer.
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Certificates of membership will be sent to all who join our "*American Humane Education Society*."

On the back are the last three verses of that beautiful hymn of Edmund Hamilton Sears, beginning

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old."

Oregon. Oregon.

OREGON HUMANE SOCIETY,
PORTLAND, OREGON, April 25th, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our tenth anniversary was a grand success. Have mailed you paper containing report.

Aside from prizes of pictures and books, we have awarded to the children of our public schools four hundred and thirty-six annual subscriptions for *Our Dumb Animals* for the coming year. Enclosed please find check for \$109.

W. T. SHANAHAN,

Corresponding Secretary.

It is a pleasure to speak of this "*Oregon Humane Society*."

It is one of the best in the world, because from the start it has appreciated the importance of humane education.

It is a terrible pity that so many of our older societies are practically doing almost nothing for the protection of dumb animals, because they simply prosecute.

Prosecutions may prevent public violations of law, but the prosecuted are just as bad after as before, and quite likely to take their revenge on the dumb animals.

The society which only prosecutes does in many cases more harm to animals than good, and in general usefulness is as far behind the society that educates as the flickering taper in the hut of the Esquimaux is behind those electric currents that in our large cities and on our ocean steamers are turning night into day.

A thousand years of prosecution would find the human race no better than now.

Fifty years of humane education may substantially abolish wars, and crimes of violence, and cruelty both to animals and men, and usher in the dawn of peace on earth and good-will to every living creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business and correspondence of these offices are now so large that I can personally answer only a small part of the letters I receive. I shall always esteem it a personal favor if the receiver of any unsatisfactory answer will keep writing me until a perfectly satisfactory answer is obtained.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



"BLACK BEAUTY."

BOSTON, May 13, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President:

Dear Sir,—In recalling the interest my husband, the late Stephen G. Deblois, always felt in your humane work, and in carrying out his known wishes, you will find enclosed my check for \$250, to be devoted to your work, in whatever way your judgment best dictates. With best wishes for continued prosperity and usefulness,

I am, very sincerely,

AMELIA G. DEBLOIS.

[We put \$100 of the above into the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, and \$150 into the *American Humane Education Society*.]

FLUSHING, May 7, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I send check for fifty dollars for the "*Black Beauty Fund*." I wish I could give more.

Yours sincerely,

SARAH R. OSGOOD.

READING, MASS., May 13, 1890.

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Will you please send me 100 copies of your book, "*Black Beauty*," for the town of Reading, and send bill to me, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD F. PARKER, School Committee.

We have two orders for 654 copies for two Boston schools.

ST. JAMES RECTORY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 14, 1890.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL:

My dear Sir,—Enclosed find P. O. order \$6, for 50 copies of "*Black Beauty*," to be sent by express at my charge. I wish the book to give to fifty boys I have in my care.

Yours truly,

JAS. H. DENNIS.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,
CANTON AND EASTON.

CANTON, MASS., May 23d, 1890.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY:

Please send me at North Easton, Mass., one hundred copies of "*Black Beauty*." Charge to town of Easton and send the bill to me. So the good work goes on.

Very truly,

WILLIAM C. BATES.

BAND OF MERCY, BOYS' HOME,
119 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, April 24, 1890.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., Boston:

Dear Sir,—Please send at your earliest convenience four dollars' worth of silver badges and one dollar's worth of pledge books; also register the "*Lingley*" Band of Mercy, Miss McMurdy, president, 25 Desrivières Ave., Montreal.

We had our first annual meeting last week; the hall of our Institution was packed with young and old. The Canadian Jubilee Singers came to help us gratis, and a splendid meeting was held and a good interest aroused in Band of Mercy work.

Next Thursday the Sunday school of the English cathedral in this city have a special meeting to organize a branch of the society.

I shall be very glad of any literature you can send me, as it is very helpful indeed in introducing its objects to superintendents of Sunday schools and Bands of Hope.

I am, yours in the work,

J. GAWNE, Organizing Secy.

ST. LOUIS.

We have received from Mrs. Pauline P. Brooks, of St. Louis, a very interesting description of the meetings of the numerous "*Bands of Mercy*" in that city, also a copy of the "*St. Louis Republic*" of May 11th, with two columns and a half on the same subject, and photographs of various officers and members.

When death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

"Every man who makes a will that does not please the heirs is, of course, crazy."

—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Wills that cannot be broken.

It is becoming very common for relatives to attempt to break wills which contain gifts to public charities. Everything which sharp and ingenious counsel can devise is urged upon juries, to prove that those who have wished to remember public charities were unduly influenced or insane.

There is a way to avoid all this. Convey, while you are alive, to our "American Humane Education Society," or "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," what you can spare, taking back a contract that at any time, if you shall need it, you shall have it reconveyed to you. It will be invested by the trustees of our permanent funds, some of the most careful and experienced investors of Massachusetts; it will be free from taxation; and if you need it during life it will be returned to you.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

WILLS.

To those who wish to remember in their wills either our "American Humane Education Society" or "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," we would say that the Trustees of the Permanent Funds of these Societies have a box in the Union Safe Deposit Vaults, State Street, as has also the undersigned, where such wills can be preserved.

To guard against accident I recommend all wills be executed in duplicate or triplicate, and so kept in different places.

After a will is made it is very little cost or trouble to make one or two copies, and execute all at the same time with same witnesses, and in the last clause of each write that it is executed in duplicate or triplicate, as the case may be.

All persons wishing to give property by will to either of the above Societies can have wills written without charge by applying to

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts of The American Humane Education Society April 16 to May 21, 1890.

Mrs. Amelia G. Deblais, \$150; Mrs. Anna E. Brown, \$50; Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, \$30; Mrs. Charles E. De Wolfe, \$30; Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt, \$30; David C. Bell, \$12; Abby P. Quincy, \$10; Miss A. Wigglesworth, \$10; E. K. Baxter, M. D., \$10; Mrs. Jno. J. Crawford, \$10; Maria Willets, \$10.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

"N. H. B.," Mrs. C. C. Gilbert, Mrs. Geo. Buckham, Wm. I. Shurtliff, Mrs. James Tolman, Ellen Collins, Mrs. H. A. Thorndike, Miss A. E. Ticknor.

NEW YORK STATE NEWS — "BLACK BEAUTY."

Dr. Gallagher's stables, at Slaterville, were burned, and his coachman, Egbert Williamson, and three horses were burned to death. The fire is supposed to have been started by a spark from Williamson's pipe.

[If Egbert Williamson had read "Black Beauty" he would probably have been more careful with his pipe, and have saved his own life and the lives of three horses.—EDITOR.]

"MAD DOGS."

The appearance of a stray dog on and about Highland Avenue, on Saturday last, and the fact that he seemed to display many of the symptoms commonly associated with rabies, caused considerable excitement and alarm in that section of the town.

The creature was finally shot, but not before he had bitten several dogs in the neighborhood. Promptly on Monday the selectmen had an autopsy performed on the body of the dog by a physician from Boston, who has made a study of cases of so-called mad dogs, and who is highly recommended by the S. P. C. A.

His report is as follows:—

"This certifies that I have this day performed an autopsy on the dog submitted to me by the selectmen of Winchester, and find that the lungs of said dog were diseased; and it is my opinion that the disposition and character of the dog were changed, and his conduct occasioned, by the inflamed and congested character of his lungs.

RUFUS K. NOYES, M. D."

The dog's brain and other organs, excepting only his lungs of course, were found to be in a perfectly healthy condition; but he had been without food latterly, and he was evidently half starved, being greatly emaciated.

The above, which we find in the "Winchester, Mass., Star," of May 24, is one of several cases of alleged hydrophobia which Dr. Noyes has shown by post-mortem examination to have no foundation. We recommend the selectmen of other towns, before muzzling and shooting their dogs, to call in Dr. Noyes, whose address is 50 Chambers Street, Boston. Sometimes these stray dogs have been poisoned.

HE WAS NOT MAD AFTER ALL.

"Look out for the mad dog!" was the cry that rang out in a restaurant in Dock Square this morning. The excitement was caused by a Newfoundland pup that had been chased through the streets in that vicinity by a crowd of men and boys who supposed he was mad. Seeing the doors of the restaurant open, the dog ran in, and going to the back part of the place, alarmed the cook and waiters. One of the latter ran to the back of the room and jumped from a window into the yard, refusing to come back for some time after the dog had been driven out of the restaurant. In the meantime the occupants of the restaurant, about a dozen in number, sought refuge on top of the tables, and two men locked themselves in a closet, while the proprietor was chasing the dog around the room with a chair. The dog was not mad, as was at first supposed, but instead was probably in a fit.—Boston Transcript, May 6.

[When we become as wise as the Turks in our treatment of dogs there will be as little danger of hydrophobia here as in Constantinople, where some eighty thousand of them, male and female, roam the streets unmolested. It is not the fashion there when a dog is sick or poisoned to chase him through the streets as above described.—EDITOR.]

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

"I have just been up in Vermont," said a treasury clerk recently. "The natives have lost none of their cuteness. The town where I was stopping has about 4,500 inhabitants. One of the selectmen runs a hardware store, and two weeks ago his dog was bitten by a neighbor's dog. It was a small enough matter, but see what happened. First he had the neighbor's dog killed; then he raised the cry that the dog had been mad and had bitten other dogs. The selectmen met and ordered that every dog should be muzzled for forty days, and the thrifty hardware man has sold nearly 500 muzzles at \$1 apiece. Staid old family dogs travel around town with leather thongs around their jaws, which never closed on anything more human than a beef bone."—Washington Post.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—Charles Lemesles.

A GOOD STORY.

HOW THEY WERE CAUGHT.

THE PRESIDENT AND MR. BLAINE HAVE A CHURCH EXPERIENCE.

There is a good story of the Presidential excursion down to the Eastern shore of Maryland. The party embraced Secretaries Blaine and Windom and others. They were fortunate enough to hear an excellent sermon from the venerable Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maryland, who was there to administer the rite of confirmation. The President and the two Secretaries sat in quiet satisfaction. But their peace of mind was suddenly dispelled. The offertory was sung. At the familiar words,

"Let your light so shine before men, etc.," the President and the Secretaries each quietly dropped a hand into a pocket.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth."

Windom drew forth a crisp one-dollar note and held it between his thumb and forefinger, ready for the approaching plate. The President and Mr. Blaine went a little deeper into their pockets. One brought up a nickel and the other a dime. Their faces flushed. It would never do to make such a contribution.

"He that soweth a little shall reap little, and he that soweth plentifully shall reap plentifully. * * * God loveth a cheerful giver."

The President went to his pocketbook, and the Secretary of State explored his vest pocket with nervous fingers.

"Zaccheus stood forth and said unto the Lord: 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have done wrong to any man I restore fourfold.'"

The plate was only four pews away. What the President found in his pocketbook was one fifty-dollar note and a ten-dollar greenback—nothing smaller. What Mr. Blaine found was two ten-dollar notes—nothing smaller. To put in a nickel or a dime only was not to be thought of. To give \$10 was more than either cared to do. Each looked at Windom sitting there calmly with his dollar note in hand. He shook his head.

"Charge them that are rich in this world that they be ready to give and glad to distribute."

There was no time for further pocket exploration or consideration. With a smile of commiseration at each other, and something like glee on Windom's placid countenance, the President and the Secretary of State each plunked down his ten-dollar note for "the poor of this congregation." And the worst of it is, said one of the party afterward, that the Lord would probably give them credit only for the dollar or two which they intended to give.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A PRIEST SAVED HIS MOTHER'S LIFE.

From a description in the "Catholic News," Philadelphia, of the Rev. Father Michaels, rector of the convent of St. Joseph, Milwaukee, saving his aged mother from being burned alive in the recent fire at that convent, we take the following:—

"Just then the Rev. Father Michaels appeared. He had been down in the city with a visiting priest. 'My mother!' he shouted, and at once rushed into the burning building. The old lady is more than eighty years old, and has long lived at the convent. Her room was in the basement, and thither the rescuers hastened. They came none too quickly, for here also the flames had made great headway. The old lady was too weak to open the window herself, and stood bewildered. Two sisters, made strong by fear and excitement, from the outside smashed the sash and attempted to pull her out; but failed. Then it was that the son jumped through the window. A moment later he appeared again with his mother in his arms. A mighty shout went up from the vast crowd, while, with tears of joy running down his face, the priest carried his mother away in his arms."

INSTINCT IN SHEEP.

About the middle of April last we observed a young lamb entangled among briars. It had seemingly struggled for liberty until it was quite exhausted. Its mother was present, endeavoring with her head and feet to disentangle it. After having attempted in vain for a long time to effect this purpose, she left it and ran away, baaing with all her might. We fancied there was something peculiarly doleful in her voice. Thus she proceeded across three fields, and through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her we could not watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a ram that had two powerful horns. They returned speedily towards the poor lamb, and as soon as they reached it the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes by dragging away the briars with his horns.

"GWINE BACK HOME."

As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:—

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "I'ze losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose? You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter yere?" queried a man as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:—

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze bin robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, then, Mars White, somebody has done robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when de wah dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good ole missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty y'ars. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I could n't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half-way to de fust tobacco house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze ole an' all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fer y'ars an' y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger.

"Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:—

"Lord, I'ze bin a believer in You all my days, an' now I dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gatemen called out the train for Louisville.

Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wing.
—George MacDonald.



HE ROBBED THE CHICKENS.

FROM "HUMBLE LIFE IN THE SOUTH."

(Used by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A CALIFORNIA PET SEAL.

"Dick," the baby seal caught in the brush near the salt works about two months ago, has become a great pet and a general favorite, says the *Los Angeles (Cal.) Express*. He was set free about two weeks since, and immediately made a wild break for deep water, into which he disappeared in a twinkling. It was thought he would surely join the wild herd and never come back, but in less than half an hour after his liberation he came paddling up alongside the pier under the fishermen's poles, poked his head out of the water, and began to cry and beg most piteously for fish. And so now every day, from early morn to sunset, he spends his time gambolling in deep water around the pier. He affords a fine chance to study the animal's habits in his native element.

A few days since "Dick" went out with the fishermen about four miles from shore. When the boat stopped "Dick" climbed in and sat down on the seat to await developments. Soon a small live fish was thrown overboard and "Dick" jumped in after it, captured it, and immediately climbed in and resumed his seat beside the fishermen. This was repeated many times during the day. At about sundown "Dick" swims out to the steam tug "Pelican," climbs up on deck and sleeps there all night. He also sometimes sleeps on shore under the end of the pier.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE SURPRISE.

The children were up in the attic one day,
And while there old puss came up for a play;
At least so they thought, till they heard her cry,
When they searched to find the reason why.

And they found, 'neath the hole under the board,
The treasure that sly old pussy had stored;
Of kittens three—black, maltese, and yellow,—
This last the prettiest little fellow.

Oh then the four children screamed with delight,
That all might behold this wonderful sight;
So mamma came up from her room below,
To see what should make her darlings scream so.

And papa upstairs then went with a bound,
To know what new play the young elves had found;
While Ann, the girl, left her work on the run,
That she too might have a share in the fun.

And this was the sight that met our eyes,
And caused them to open with surprise:
The newborn kittens, so tiny and fat,
Watched with such pride by their old mother cat.

They struggled and mewled, while mother puss purred,
Though at having them plagued we felt she demurred;
And at last in her mouth she took each kit,
While we laughed to see in a cat such wit.

So then we left them to grow up in peace,
Where none would molest, disturb, or tease;
But we'll ne'er forget that day in the attic,
When the children screamed "Oh, oh!" so emphatic.

LAURA LILLIE COBB.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE
REPUBLIC.

The Grand Army of the Republic holds its annual meetings in Boston this year, commencing August 14th.

It numbers about half a million men.

The following poem, written by Chas. G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) shortly after the war, tells of another army that will not meet here:—

THE SWORDS WERE THIRTY-SEVEN.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were *thirty-seven*.
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were *thirty-seven*,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh! 't was a glorious day,
In memory still adored,
That day of sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword.
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
As beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a *thousand* bayonets,
And the swords were *thirty-seven*.

Of that *thousand* stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day,
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay.
And other hundreds, less happy,
Drag their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
Of the battlefield's holy ground.

For the swords, one night a week ago,
The remnant, just *eleven*,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for *thirty-seven*.
There were *two* limped in on crutches,
And *two* had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the glass
As we toasted Our Flag and Land.

The room seemed filled with whispers
Around those vacant seats,
As with choking throats we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats.
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses
And rose up, just *eleven*,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and dead
That had made us *thirty-seven*.

[God forbid that we ever have such a war in America again.—EDITOR.]

A HEROIC NUN.

(Troy Press.)

It would be hard to cite a nobler story than that of the career of Marie Therese, the French Sister of Mercy who has just received the cross of the Legion of Honor at the hands of the Governor of Tonquin.

This devoted woman was only twenty years of age when she received her first wound in the trenches at Balaclava. She was wounded again at the battle of Magenta. Later, with undaunted energy and courage, she pursued her chosen mission under her country's flag in Syria, China, and Mexico. From the battlefield of Worth she was carried away suffering from serious injuries, and before she had recovered she was again performing her duties. On one occasion a grenade fell into her ambulance; she seized and ran with it for a hundred yards, whereby her patient's lives were saved, though she herself was severely injured by the bursting of the missile.

The French troops, which were called out to witness the unusual scene of the bestowal of this honor upon a woman, presented arms to the heroine of the ceremony. Well might the Governor ask whether there was a living man more deserving of the cross than the "wounded soldier's sister, mother, and most devoted nurse."—Troy Press.

A DISTINCTION.

"Miss, you can't bring dogs into the car," said a Third Avenue conductor to a young woman who tenderly held a wriggling little object wrapped up in a shawl.

"Tain't a dog," snapped the young woman, and the discomfited conductor retreated to the rear platform amid a general titter. He studied the case for a few minutes, and then, returning to the young woman, said: "Miss, you can't bring cats in neither."

"Tain't a cat," said the young woman; "it's a rabbit," and the long ears emerged in confirmation of her assertion. At this the conductor looked puzzled for a moment, and then said: "Well, that's accordin' to the rules of the company; dogs is dogs and cats is cats; but rabbits is insects; so you can stay."—N. Y. Star.

SAD SPORT.

A gentleman stood in front of a furrier's store contemplating the seal garments that filled the windows.

"I never see a sealskin coat," he said, "that I am not reminded of a day I passed among the seal-killers."

Then he told of joining an expedition when he was a young man, and going out for the sport of seal-killing. They knocked the pretty creatures on the head. *The seals were so tame, affectionate and fearless, that when the hunters landed they crowded round them like dogs, making their little, friendly bark, and fawning upon the murderous hands that proceeded to stretch them as bloody corpses upon the beach.*

The man related how sick at heart he got, and how he tried to get away from this massacre of the innocents. To this day the sight of a sealskin coat recalls the wretched sensation he then experienced.

This reminds us of Gilbert White of Selborne, when he first shot a lapwing, and the remorse he felt when the bird dipped its bill in its mortal wound and looked up into his face.

The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette says: "When boys of eight years of age belong to regularly organized gangs of housebreakers, the reason may be found in sensational literature."

We look forward to a time when our American Humane Education Society shall provide a literature for the young whose heroes shall be real heroes, and not burglars, murderers, or highwaymen. "Black Beauty" is the pioneer of what we hope may follow.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SQUIRREL PARK IN MEMPHIS.

Speaking of squirrels reminds me of a squirrel park that is in Memphis, Tenn. Perhaps you have never seen it. In the very heart of the city is a square containing a thick grove of venerable trees with a great, cool fountain playing. In the trees and over the grounds scamper hundreds of squirrels, so tame that they will eat from your hand. How delightful to step from the hot and busy street into this shady retreat, cold with the moist air that blows past the fountain.—Atlanta Journal.

Mrs. Clymer, President of Sorosis, made a speech before the recent convention of women's clubs in New York, in which she said: "The American woman of the nineteenth century has set her face toward the lost garden of Eden, and is not going to stop until she gets there." Can it be that Mrs. Clymer intended a quiet sarcasm upon the scant attire that is at present so striking a feature of American women in full evening dress?—Saturday Evening Gazette.

Dog fancier: "Yes, madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed that you wish?" Old lady, who reads the newspapers: "Oh, anything that's fashionable. Let me see an ocean greyhound."

Bill Nye says: "The peculiar characteristic of classical music is that it is really so much better than it sounds."

SHOOTING DEER IN SUMMER.

(From Forest and Stream.)

It was a delightful evening of May, 1870. I had been to listen to an able discourse on the probable immortality of human and animal life. The faithful dog, the patient and long-suffering horse, and shy wild animals were ably and interestingly discussed. I returned home, and as my wife was away on a visit and I was alone I called my faithful hunting dog into the house with me. Retiring to rest I fell into a fitful slumber, when I distinctly heard my name called. Rising up I saw a mist-like form, with beautiful, expressive eyes, and a sweet, quiet voice said, "Come with me." An irresistible power seemed to control me, and we passed up into mid-air, above my dwelling, when, with a seemingly familiar voice my companion asked me if I would like to visit the Adirondacks. "O, yes," said I, and twining its transparent drapery about me we flew along rapidly. As we passed along I recognized the lake and the very place where, a year before, I shot by torchlight at a large doe, wounding her so severely that she was just able to get away out of the water and up into the woods. As I spoke to my companion she seemed to sigh, while a shudder passed through her frame. Slowly we turned from the lake, and passing up the side we came to a beautiful glade, and descending here, alighted where the tall, woody grass and ferns formed a natural bower. Looking around I saw two little fawns, emaciated and starving. Their unkempt faces showed the want of the toilet of their mother's tongue. Their little weeping eyes were glassy and death-stricken. I could only just hear a plaintive whispering bleat of the little dying infant deer. And, as I stood there, one, leaning forward, fell prone upon the grass, dead. The other settled down on his little knees and closed his eyes in death. Near them lay the festering form of their dead mother. Turning away from the cruel, sickening sight, I spoke to my companion. She sighingly said, "It is the deer you shot at on the lake. Ah!" says she, "the Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies." Heart-sick, I asked to return home, and, as we neared my house, I asked my companion who she was. She replied, "I am the spirit of that deer you shot at, the mother of those dead fawns."—Forest and Stream.

A MILK-WHITE deer was shot recently near Mount Katahdin, in Maine.

OUR DUMB BROTHERS.

See a countless multitude about us,
Claiming sympathy—our humble kin;
Sadly have they learned to fear and doubt us,
Driven from our side by human sin;
Yet, though dumb, their hearts to ours are speaking,
Help and kindness from us ever seeking,—
Kindness hard to win!
Inarticulate voices, groans of anguish,
Patient sighs, 'neath burdens hard to bear;
From lone places where dumb victims languish,
Plaintive moans are floating on the air!
Soft eyes, seeking ours with wistful pleading;
Can we turn away with hearts unheeding
That unuttered prayer?
Innocent of wrong, our own transgression
Lays on them a heavy load of pain,
Sharing all the misery and oppression
Man has wrought beneath his iron reign.
Touch all hearts, O Thou Divine Compassion,
Till they burn with generous love and passion
To remove the stain.
They and we are in our Father's keeping,
Whose compassion clasps both great and small;
Not one wrong eludes that eye unsleeping,
Not one humblest life unseen shall fall.
None can serve Him with a heart unheeding
His dumb creatures' inarticulate pleading,
For He loveth all! —Agnes Maule Machar.
KINGSTON, ONT.

—From Toronto Society's Humane Leaflet.

You will never be loved if you care for none but yourself.

The Agassiz Association

ATTACKED BY E. E. FISH, A LEADING ORNITHOLOGIST OF BUFFALO, N. Y., IN HIS BOOK ON BIRDS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

"The Agassiz Association, itself a worthy organization, with laudable aims, soon had thousands in its ranks who degenerated into mere specimen gatherers. The egg-collecting craze affected boys alike in cities, villages, and rural districts. The country was scoured far and near for nests and eggs. Lawns, hedges, orchards, fields, and highways were mercilessly ransacked, and every nest common or rare despoiled; even cemeteries, always favorite resorts for the birds, were not exempt from the destroyer. Within the last few years millions of eggs have thus been destroyed, and little scientific knowledge gained by this manner of study. Not one egg in a thousand was preserved two months; not many of them that number of days. I have had thousands brought to me by boys for identification. In answer to questions I more frequently found that the boys had little or no knowledge of the subject, often not knowing what species they had robbed. These eggs were to them as so many marbles, or other toys, trophies valuable only as objects of barter, but the effects on the bird population were none the less injurious. Many of the older members, claiming to be engaged in the investigation of science, go forth maiming and killing their thousands of the commonest birds, those that every intelligent school-boy knows. What new facts will these people ever give in return for this license? Our birds have all been identified and described, and a further persecution of them in that direction is selfishly barbarous, and ought not longer to be tolerated. Even all these causes seem dwarfed when compared with the destruction of the birds for millinery and decorative purposes. If the facts connected with this traffic could generally be made known, a thrill of indignation would take possession of every right-minded person, and the community in wrath would demand that the outrage be summarily stopped.

Those who have investigated the subject know that thousands of men and boys, all over the country, are regularly employed to kill and skin our native birds. If you would see the results, visit some of the large establishments where this kind of goods is sold to smaller dealers, and inquire as a purchaser. Some of them handle hundreds of thousands in a season. Then go the rounds of the retail fancy stores and millinery shops in any large city. In each may be seen hundreds in stock. It is the same in all country villages. Who has not been disgusted and saddened in looking through the fancy shops at Niagara Falls to see the havoc that has been made with the songsters to give this display of bright feathers, mounted on fans ungainly perched in cases, lying in hundreds on shelves, and packed in boxes; tanagers, blue birds, cedar birds, orioles, humming birds, and goldfinches, more of these skeletons in this one village than can be found alive in two entire counties. Here, too, men are regularly employed to supply these establishments.

Attention need not be called to the individual uses of these decorations. You can see them on the hats of rich and poor, old and young; a whole bird on one, a half-dozen wings on another, beaks and breasts on others; hateful emblems of vanity and thoughtless cruelty, most unbecoming to our fair women and sweet-faced girls.

The beautiful little indigo birds, looking like patches of blue sky among the leaves, are nearly gone. The tanagers, with their tropical brilliancy, are almost extinct. The American goldfinches, so sprightly and musical, and formerly so plentiful in every field and orchard, where they were at home in trees or on pasture thistles, gems of jet and gold, are now seen only occasionally.

The blue birds have had an equally hard fate. The rollicking bobolinks, immortalized by Irving, no longer thrill the school-boys in country meadows. The wee humming birds,

BOBOLINK CHIMES.

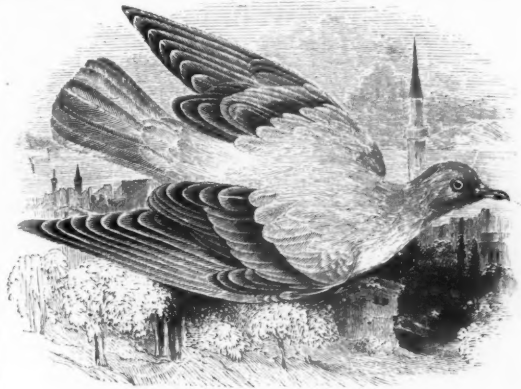
A whirl of wings o'er clovered meadows,
The gleam of a harness and crown,
And low on the swaying maple
A bobolink settles down.

A chime as if from bells of silver
Over the clover soft doth float,
Ere yet the rapturous song-burst
Outpours from the feathered throat.

A whirl of wings, a gleam of yellow,
Faint-hearted notes, and into the throng
Of clover heads gently nodding,
Drop softly the bird and song.

As Wordsworth saw in dreamy wakings
Daffodils nodding in seas of gold,
For me the hills and meadows will ever
The chime of bobolinks hold.

— Journal of Education.



THE CARRIER DOVE.

whose diminutive forms should have secured them from harm, are now oftener seen on wearing apparel than on the flowers.

Their shining wings and ruby throats proved "their undoing." Where are the flocks of snow buntings that used to give a touch of summer to the wintry fields? Where are the troops of beautiful cedar birds, of meadow larks and purple finches, that were a few years ago so plentiful?

A few more years of such wanton warfare on these unbought yet priceless blessings, a few more years of crime against the "wise order of the world," and men will walk the voiceless fields and woods, where, instead of bright wings amid the green foliage, and artistic structures filled with eggs and fluttering birds, only unsightly nests of crawling worms will dangle from leafless bush and tree. In place of soothing, happy bird voices, only the fretting hum of troublesome insects will worry the listening ear."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Feed the Sparrows.

338 WHALLEY AVE.,
NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 12, 1890.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of feeding the sparrows three times a day since they first came amongst us, I have learned their habits pretty well, and I deny all the charges brought against them. I have seven or eight other kinds of birds which yearly build their nests and rear their young in my garden. They eat and drink with the other birds, often bathing in the same dish at the same time with them, and I have never seen them attempt to drive one away, but I did see, a few days since, a little red-headed chip bird drive a sparrow, and make him go.

I have many kinds of fruit, both large and small, but never has any been injured by the sparrows. They sit upon the grape-vine frame, waiting for their supper, without deigning even to touch a grape.

There is a kind of bee or hornet which destroys the early grapes, and I suppose the damage is charged upon the sparrow.

A person sitting by my window in the spring remarked, "You will have no pears on this tree this summer, for the sparrows are eating all the buds." "Well," I replied, "it is their home, let them have them." When the autumn came the tree was loaded with fruit; the birds had kindly destroyed the insects, and I noticed that the fruit was much larger and fairer than in previous years. It is a fact that since the sparrows became numerous we have very little small, knotty fruit.

If the enemies of the sparrows would remember the years before the sparrow came, when our beautiful elms were entirely stripped of their foliage by the ravages of the canker-worm, when the pavements were foul with their slime, when even the fences were covered with the detestable creatures, they might be inclined to withhold their vituperation.

They say the sparrow does not eat the canker-worm. They say the bird's stomach has been examined and no worms have been found there. Very likely, for in these days there are no canker-worms to be found; but when the sparrows first came they were seen to feed upon them with avidity.

If those who charge the sparrows with stealing would spend a little money in purchasing food for them they would find no damage done in the gardens. "I speak what I know, and testify to what I have seen."

Call a bird a "thief!" Every creature that God has made has a right to food; and if man will not supply its need, it surely has a God-given right to supply itself. I had, during the winter, a flock of about fifty birds which came three times a day for their food, and it was a pleasure to supply them. Could any heart be so base as to see a

ONE THOUSAND PLACARDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

One thousand card placards nine inches by seven, containing the following notice, can be obtained free gratis at our offices, and we are glad to send them wherever we are sure they will be properly posted.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer TWENTY prizes of \$10 each, and FORTY prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts, by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street.

BOSTON, March, 1890.

hungry little bird waiting for its food and not supply it? Complaint is made that the birds "destroy the lawns and foul up everything." The most extensive and beautiful lawn in New Haven is at the house of a gentleman who buys broken crackers by the half barrel, and cracked corn besides, to feed to the sparrows. And his charming wife, one of the neatest of housekeepers, daily delights in feeding the sparrows.

God bless you, dear sir, in your heaven-directed work. My heart thanks you for your kind words for the sparrows.

Very sincerely yours,

HARRIET A. B. PUNDERSON,
Director of the Connecticut Humane Society.

BRAVERY OF SPARROWS.

Captain Holworth, of Cleveland, tells a curious story of a flock of sparrows. The cat belonging to his house was in the habit of capturing one of the birds to satisfy her own appetite, while the Captain's wife fed the sparrows with crumbs. This was not practised many times before the wily little birds took precautions against further depredations by a constant lookout, all flying in a body on the first indication of a spring from Tabby. At last, one day, after she had been frustrated by this manœuvre and sat patiently awaiting the return of the birds, they held a convention on the fence, conducted, like many human conventions, with much unintelligible chattering, and resumed their repast. After the cat had become satisfied that they were too much engrossed in eating to notice her, she made another spring. The birds were up in an instant, and, instead of flying away as usual, they formed themselves into a hollow square, and charged upon the foe. Some got upon the cat's back, and scratched and pecked with all their might, others flew right into her face, while the balance chased her. The cat was so surprised at first that she stood, unable to move. The birds became more and more infuriated, and fought so savagely that they drove the foe down the garden path on a full gallop and under the barn. They returned to their feast, and were left unmolested the rest of the winter, the cat keeping at a safe distance whenever they appeared.—Cleveland Leader.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word, or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD METHODIST STORY.

In the early days of Maine Methodism, it was the custom for young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once, during a camp-meeting in Eastern Maine, a young minister approached the presiding elder, and said he wished to be married. "Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder. "Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry Sister Mary Turner." "I know her well," said the elder; "she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes." During the week, four other young ministers consulted the pre-

siding elder on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was the Lord's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that any one else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp-meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said: "Now, brethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not his will that five Methodist ministers should marry little Mary Turner."—San Francisco Argonaut.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|
| 7740 Crestline, Kan.
Wirtonia Band.
P., Addie Sprout. | 7773 Lebanon, Ind.
Public Schools.
Busy Bees Band.
P., F. A. Jones. | 7811 Galveston, Texas.
P., Berta Smith.
S., Emma Sadler. | 7846 Udall, Kan.
Udall Band.
P., G. W. Weeks. | 7856 Warren, Pa.
P., Minnie Burton. |
| 7741 Princeton, Ill.
Princeton Band.
P., Carrie E. Hodgman. | 7774 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Korah Kester. | 7812 Marseilles, Ill.
Silver Star Band.
P., Emily L. Galloway. | 7847 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Helping Hand Band.
P., Jessie W. Ross.
S., Anna Pease. | 7857 P., Blanche Hawkins. |
| 7742 Primary Band.
P., Mary Taylor. | 7775 Sunshine Band.
P., Eva Nelson. | 7813 South Lee, Mass.
Earnest Workers Band.
P., Willie Parsons.
S., Lucy H. Karriek. | 7848 Buffalo, N. Y.
Nightingale Band.
P., Ella L. Hewson. | 7858 Dixon, Ill.
P., Nellie M. Moore. |
| 7743 Appleton, Wis.
The Alton St. Band.
P., Mrs. C. W. Kellogg. | 7776 Golden Rule Band.
P., Nannie Miller. | 7814 Dayton, Ohio.
12th Dist. School.
Helirotrope Band.
P., Louise A. Bartel. | 7849 Boston, Mass.
Dudley School Band.
P., Miss I. S. Hammerle. | 7859 Trenton, N. J.
The Truthful Band.
P., Albert Goding. |
| 7744 Galveston, Texas.
P., Bettie Shanon.
S., Edith Hutchings. | 7777 Lincoln Band.
P., Frances Skilton. | 7815 Lily of the Valley Band.
P., Anna R. Schmidt. | 7850 Stanwood, Washington.
Payne Band.
P., Mrs. Geo. Payne. | 7860 Boston, Mass.
Kindred Band.
P., Ethel Brigham. |
| 7745 St. Louis, Mo.
Forget-me-not Band.
P., Mrs. J. M. H. Fuller. | 7778 Kennan Band.
P., Mrs. A. S. Hammond. | 7816 Hyacinth Band.
P., Jeanette E. Baldwin. | 7851 Montreal, Canada.
May Day Band.
P., Miss Jerdon.
S., Albert Day. | 7861 Philadelphia, Pa.
P., Anna Waltin. |
| 7746 Rushville, Ind.
Robin Band.
P., Mrs. E. Ritchie. | 7779 Webster Band.
P., Mattie Wiley. | 7817 Marguerites Band.
P., Katherine Denise. | 7852 Sherbrook, P. Q.
Lookout Band.
P., Master Herriot Addie. | 7862 Ashtabula, Ohio.
P., Bert Soules. |
| 7747 Marseilles, Ill.
Goldenrod Band.
P., Alice Haynes.
S., Isabel Hattrem. | 7780 Longfellow Band.
P., O. L. Voris. | 7818 Pansy Band.
P., Minnie M. Kilian. | 7853 Marseilles, Ill.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Miss D. M. Chaddock. | 7863 Concord, N. H.
Etta Band.
P., I. H. Gray.
S., Miss H. A. Saltmarsh. |
| 7748 New Trenton, Ind.
Snow Hill Band.
P., Guy Hopkins. | 7781 Whittier Band.
P., W. A. Caldwell. | 7819 Golden Rod Band.
P., Minnie M. Kilian. | 7854 Mechanicsburg, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Lou C. Hoover. | 7864 Detroit, Mich.
S., Fred J. Wood. |
| 7749 Ashtabula, Ohio.
4th Ward School Band.
P., Roy A. Sinclair. | 7782 Lily Band.
P., Maud Perkins. | 7820 Bluebell Band.
P., Anna Danner. | 7855 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Bobolink Band.
P., Louise T. Crandall. | 7865 Etter, Minn.
Prairie Island Band.
P., Mamie A. Secor. |
| 7750 New Paltz, N. Y.
Robin Redbreast Band.
P., Georgia Johnston. | 7783 Pansy Band.
P., Mrs. N. B. Stokes. | 7821 Lilac Band.
P., Loretta Ridenour. | | 7866 Princeton, Ill.
Kelsey Band.
P., Emma G. Kelsey. |
| 7751 Port Arthur, Canada.
Sunbeam Band.
P., Eleanor M. McClung. | 7784 Lily Band.
P., Maud Perkins. | 7822 Water Lily Band.
P., Theresa A. Walter. | | |
| 7752 Philadelphia, Pa.
Temperance Band.
P., Mrs. J. C. Uhle. | 7785 Robin Band.
P., Mrs. Julia Harney. | 7823 Violet Band.
P., Anna Mahoney. | | |
| 7753 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Golden Star Band.
P., Ruth Ford. | 7786 Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Mary M. Van Neecys. | 7824 Danville, Ind.
Lily Band.
P., M. A. Keenny. | | |
| 7754 Spiceland, Ind.
Pansy Band.
P., Katie Sheridan. | 7787 Montreal, Canada.
Lingley Band.
P., Miss McMurdy. | 7825 Pansy Band.
P., W. M. Hornaday. | | |
| 7755 Whittier Band.
P., Carrie Unthank. | 7788 Ashtabula, Ohio.
P., Fannie H. Haskell. | 7826 Rose Band.
P., E. A. Kennedy. | | |
| 7756 Henry Bergh Band.
P., Thomas Newlin. | 7789 Dickinson Band.
P., Fannie M. Dickinson. | 7827 Busy Bees Band.
P., M. E. Benbow. | | |
| 7757 Spiceland, Ind.
Orphans' Home.
Bluebird Band.
P., Mattie Charles. | 7790 Stanton Band.
P., Hattie M. Stanton. | 7828 Robin Band.
P., M. E. King. | | |
| 7758 North Manchester, Ind.
Goldsmith Band.
P., S. A. Haas. | 7791 Johnstown, Pa.
Star Band.
P., Edw. F. Entwisle. | 7829 Forget-me-not Band.
P., M. E. Trueblood. | | |
| 7759 Washington Band.
P., P. H. Bolinger. | 7792 Seattle, Washington.
P., Mrs. Middlebrook. | 7830 Williamsburgh, Mass.
Arbutus Band.
P., Jessie R. Tarbox. | | |
| 7760 Frances E. Willard Band.
P., C. E. Shafer. | 7793 St. Louis, Mo.
Popes Band.
P., Courtney Williams. | 7831 St. Paul, Minn.
Birds' Friends Band.
P., Jennie Wray. | | |
| 7761 Pansy Band.
P., Addie Hopkins. | 7794 Clark Ave. Band.
P., Will Brady. | 7832 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Cooper Band.
P., Clara Cooper. | | |
| 7762 Garfield Band.
P., Harriet Eichholtz. | 7795 Campbell Band.
P., Arthur McKenna. | 7833 Irvington, Ind.
Willing Workers Band.
P., A. A. Williams. | | |
| 7763 Longfellow Band.
P., Narcissa Arnold. | 7796 White Dove Band.
P., Elmer F. Bozelle. | 7834 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Harriet E. Iden. | | |
| 7764 Lilley Band.
P., Laura Trapp. | 7797 Lafayette Park Band.
P., Florence Vocum. | 7835 Busy Bee Band.
P., Carrie M. Slough. | | |
| 7765 Pink Band.
P., Rose Hoftzger. | 7798 Kirkwood Band.
P., Deno Maginnis. | 7836 Roxbury, Mass.
Marcella St. Home Band.
P., Mrs. Crowell. | | |
| 7766 Robin Band.
P., Mattie Winesburg. | 7799 Franklin Band.
P., Gardner Semple. | 7837 Stafford Springs, Conn.
Hope Band.
P., Fred Labreche. | | |
| 7767 Busy Workers Band.
P., Emma Macy. | 7800 Morgan Band.
P., Frank Chase. | 7838 Bradley, Mich.
Gem Lake Band.
P., W. W. Kinsley. | | |
| 7768 Rose Band.
P., Maude Wallace. | 7801 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Ellis Band.
P., Bertie Duffe.
S., Fannie F. Ellis. | 7839 Stafford Springs, Conn.
Helpful Band.
P., Willie E. Benton. | | |
| 7769 Red Bird Band.
P., Mrs. Bessie W. Perry. | 7802 Ashtabula, Ohio.
Proctor Band.
P., L. A. Proctor. | 7840 Schoolcraft, Mich.
Fletcher Band.
P., Mrs. Alta Fletcher. | | |
| 7770 Whittier Band.
P., Rev. W. C. Perry. | 7803 Lebanon, Ind.
Lily Band.
P., M. E. Shumaker. | 7841 St. Louis, Mo.
Earnest Words Band.
P., Guy Hauk. | | |
| 7771 La Porte, Ind.
P., Miss S. A. Van Note. | 7804 Stafford Springs, Conn.
Kindness Band.
P., Mary E. Watrous. | 7842 Young Workers Band.
P., Arthur Newman. | | |
| 7772 Bloomfield, Ind.
Kind Hearts Band.
P., Emma Chapman. | 7805 Pansy Band.
P., Hattie J. Werner. | 7843 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Charles Newman. | | |
| | 7806 Rising Sun Band.
P., Kate I. Lord. | 7844 Kind Hearts Band.
P., Blanche Newman. | | |
| | 7807 Star Band.
P., Eli Buckwheat. | 7845 Little Reapers Band.
P., Gertrude Caldwell. | | |
| | 7808 Morning Glory Band.
P., Agnes J. Dolan. | | | |
| | 7809 Spring Band.
P., Maude E. Blair. | | | |
| | 7810 Daisy Band.
P., Charlie Yunghaus. | | | |

MOTHER'S JOURNEY.

There is a hint in the following incident of the way in which children may be trained so as not to regard death as the king of terrors:—

That night, before they went to bed, they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better, or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I am going on a journey."

"A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."
"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while she slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say, "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her Guide-book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes. — Detroit Free Press.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

OUR YELLOW CAT.

BY H. P. SHILLABER.

Only a yellow cat,
But so bright and funny,
That we hold her at
A good amount of money.

Frisking round the house,
Sportively and clever,
Coaxing to carouse,
Up to fun forever.

Always on the watch,
Seeing all that 's doing;
Odds and ends to catch,
Tangled yarns pursuing.

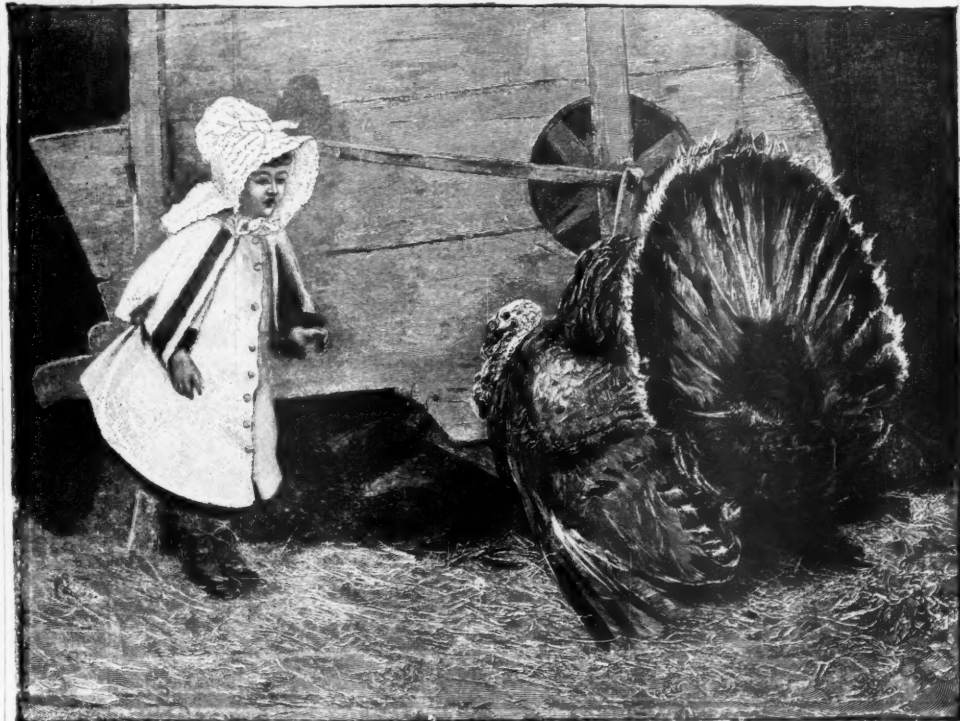
Playing with the broom,
As for her 't were wielded,
Looking round the room
For some spot unshielded.

Peeping into draws
Momently forgotten,
Thrusting in her paws
For the work-box cotton.

Tired at last with play,
From some elevation
She scans the public way
With grave deliberation.

Taking notes of life,
Curiously staring
At its rush and strife,
With cat-life comparing.

Midst the this and that
Of pleasure or employment,
Even a yellow cat
Adds much to home's enjoyment.



THE LITTLE GIRL WHO IS FOND OF WISHBONES.
(From "Babyland," published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)

SUBSTANTIAL HANDSHAKINGS.

A PREACHER'S PARISHIONERS PLAY AN ENJOYABLE LITTLE JOKE ON HIM.

It was years since, in the Ozark region, where I was riding a circuit, that I saw a minister enjoy a most substantial handshaking, says a writer in the *Globe-Democrat*. Shaking hands was his peculiarity. He believed in the potency of a cordial grasp to win men to the church, and though successful in winning souls he was very unfortunate in the matter of getting dollars. In fact, poverty continually stared him in the face. He owned a little farm and mortgaged it as long as it would yield a dollar. The mortgages were falling due, but there was no prospect of paying them. But it did not bother him a bit. He shook hands more heartily than ever.

"I have unbounded faith in handshaking to bring everything out right," he often said, until his penchant came to be the talk of the town. At last came the day when the mortgages must be foreclosed, that would deprive him of the little home that sheltered his family.

On the eve of that day a knock at the door of his house, which was a little way from town, called him. When he opened the door a whole crowd rushed in, and without saying a word, commenced shaking hands. He felt something cold in the palm of the first man, and when the hand was withdrawn it stuck to his own. "That is the most substantial shake I ever experienced," he said, as he held up a \$5 gold piece. But the next man stepped up and a silver dollar was left in the preacher's palm. No one would say a word in explanation, but pressed in on him as fast as he could stick the metal and bills into his pockets. The house was not large enough for the visitors, each one of whom deposited from \$1 to \$10 in the outstretched hand. Each left the moment his little errand was accomplished, and not a word could he had in explanation, except the last one, who as he turned to go remarked: "We wanted to play a little joke on you, and we have." The several "jokes" netted just \$871. His home was saved and a neat balance was left besides. The minister maintained that he had contracted a

habit that night that for a year afterward, when he shook a hand, prompted him to look into his own palm, half expecting to see a piece of metal there.

THE LONGEST DAY.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

"Mamma, I fink I am not well,"

Said lazy little Mabel;

The beans I'd given her to shell,

Neglected on the table.

Her dimpled cheeks with roses vied;

Her eyes the stars resembled;

The chubby form my faith defied;—

My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said,

"Because you'll miss the puddings;

The place for sick folks is in bed,

With not a taste of good things."

She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress,

This wicked little sinner;

"Then I'm not sick just now, I dess,

I'll wait till after dinner.

—S. Jennie Smith.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows "God will keep."

Whoever says "To-morrow"—"The Unknown"—
"The Future"—trusts that power alone
He dare disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live, when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night increasingly,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knoweth why.—Charles C. Jennings.

THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor.

"Certainly not," answered the minister; "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

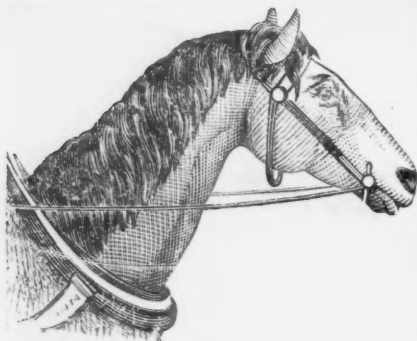
"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Solomon's system?"

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defence of which I know."—Home Companion.

Guest (attempting to carve): "What kind of a chicken is this, anyhow?" Waiter: "Dat's a genuine Plymouth Rock, sah." Guest (throwing up both hands): "That explains it. I knew she was an old-timer; but I had no idea she dated back to the 'Mayflower.'"



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Reins.

Receipts by the Society in April.

Fines and witness fees, \$71.50.

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American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$250.

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SPRING-TIME.

There's a rift of blue sky,
And a song in the air,
And young leaves are starting
From boughs that were bare.
The soft grass is creeping
O'er hillside and plain,
And the crocus peeps forth
From the dark mould again.

The tearful-eyed April
Gives plentiful showers,
And sunny-faced May
Has her lap full of flowers;
While back to the forest
The singing birds come,
And gladly we welcome
The wanderers home.

The brooks babble onward,
Rejoicing and strong,
The icy chain's broken
That bound them so long,
And swift to the river
Their merry feet glide,
To swell with their bright drops
Its turbulent tide.

All nature is waking
Again from her sleep,
In leaf, bud, and blossom
Her record we keep.
And God's gracious promise
Will surely prevail,
That seed time and harvest
Shall nevermore fail.

— M. N. M., in the Daisy.



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OTHER SUMS.

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Total, \$2,638.31.

Receipts from Sales "Black Beauty."

Previously acknowledged, \$374.17. Miss S. J. Eddy, \$120; L. M. Chase, \$25.20; Rev. Arthur Lawrence, \$16.80; Saml. Harrington, \$41.28; Mrs. R. T. Paine, \$12; Mrs. Mary T. Goddard, \$12; A Friend, \$10; Women's Branch Pa. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$9; N. S. Hutchinson, \$9; Town of Reading, \$12; Andrews School, \$9.24; Bowdoin School, \$8.40; Norcross School, \$7.90; Syndicate Trading Co., \$6; Isabel Young, \$6; Mrs. M. J. Eastburn, \$6; Rev. Calvin Stebbins, \$6; Rev. J. H. Dennis, \$6; H. L. Ensign, \$6; Rev. J. T. Magrath, \$5.01; A Friend, \$5.04; "I. G. L.," \$5; "N. H. B.," \$5; Mrs. E. Bringham, \$5; Mrs. J. A. Lewis, \$5; Mrs. J. B. Thayer, \$5; Mrs. L. M. Powell, \$5. All others in sums of less than five dollars each, \$391.01. Total, \$1,133.98.

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